

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT

Marilyn Ann Hueper, woman
Paul James Hueper, man
Gregory Alexander Nance, man
E. Pierce Rathbone, man
aggrieved

Verified Claim # 7020 2450 0000 8513 8412

v.

FBI Anchorage "Field Agents", John M. and/or Jane M. Doe(s), [wo]man(s)
FBI DC Office
U.S. Capitol Police USCP
State of Alaska Anchorage Police Detective, man
wrongdoers

Notice: Declaration and Verified Claim of Arrest and False Imprisonment

'i', Paul James Hueper, man, Alaskan, living soul, one of the people of the several states, appearing in this, My court-of-record declare:

firstly, on April 28th, 2021 around 9:00am, as 'i' was in my pajamas working on emails on top of my bed, with Marilyn sleeping next to me, 'i' could hear a loud commotion in our kitchen and living room area;

secondly, unsure of what was happening, 'i' got up and off my bed and headed towards the kitchen area; before 'i' came around the corner, **an unfamiliar loud male voice yelled out, "FBI! -- Come out with your hands up!"**;

thirdly, 'i' rounded the corner to face six to seven [wo]men(s) with handguns pointed right at me; of course, 'i' was totally disoriented and in fear for my life; My first thought was, "so this is what it's like to look down the barrels of a bunch of intruders!";

fourthly, a loud male voice yelled at me to slowly step backwards...and being disoriented, 'i' didn't understand the command and accidentally moved forward a few

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steps; the male voice barked out even louder because of the direction 'i' was moving; once 'i' understood what he was commanding, *in fear for My life, 'i' complied;*

fifthly, the next command was to slowly turn around and put My hands behind My back; they forcefully slapped a pair of handcuffs on me, and dragged me over to a chair on the far side of the dining room table;

sixthly, then 'i' witnessed My wife, marilyn, also being disrespectfully treated the same way, with handcuffs being placed on her as well; my thought was, "how can you be *treating My wife as a common criminal?!'*";

seventhly, they sat marilyn down as well, and asked if there were any other people in the house, and we both replied that there were two other house guests in the back bedrooms, Greg (Nance) and Pierce (Rathbone);

eighthly, they proceeded to drag both of them into the living room with us, handcuffed both of them, and commanded both of them to sit down;

ninthly, 'i' then looked over through the kitchen...and 'i' was really upset to see a huge hole punched right through our entry door; 'i' remember thinking that was such a strange, violent intrusion into our home;

tenthly, after a few minutes, marilyn was then escorted out of the living room to be interrogated separately from me;

eleventhly, for the next estimated two hours, 'i' was left completely in the dark as to why 'i' was being arrested and detained; no explanation, no given reason, *no search warrant*...and absolutely no idea why this was all happening;

twelfthly, after about an hour, the handcuffs were finally removed from behind My back; the next few hours or so 'i' was simply left to sit in the chair, and watch as the FBI tore through our personal belongings with *no search warrant presented;*

thirteenthly, the agents kept saying they would eventually present a search warrant after 'i' said that 'i' would like to see a copy of the warrant (about the third hour in, they

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flashed a copy of the search warrant long enough for me to recognize that it was signed by a judge, but 'i' was not allowed to read any further into the warrant);

fourteenthly, 'i' was not given a copy of the search warrant until about four hours into the search and seizure, just a few minutes before the estimated twelve agents left My property;

fifteenthly, an agent asked to search the contents of my gun safe; in fear of being arrested, 'i' asked if the search warrant also allowed them to enter into my gun safe; an agent disappeared for a few minutes, and said the FBI had the right to search the safe because it was classified as a "container" under the search warrant;

sixteenthly, in error and out of fear 'i' chose to open up the safe for the agent from the fear of being hauled away under arrest; that **felt to me like the biggest violations** of my private rights(!);

seventeenthly, one of the agents commented that the contents of my safe were "average for an Alaskan"...a few hunting guns and a few collectible personal items;

eighteenthly, another agent commented that he had found several .45 loaded handguns in my sock drawer (actually, only one of the two were loaded); my thought was, "am 'i' now a criminal for lawfully owning a few hand guns for self protection?!";

nineteenthly, 'i' was then asked for the passcode to get into my iPhone, which 'i' was uncomfortable giving them, so 'i' kindly refused;

twentyethly, marilyn, unsure what to do during the "fog of war", ended up giving them the pass code to my phone since she know the code; they downloaded everything off My iPhone without My permission;

twenty-firstly, eventually, they gave My iPhone back to me; (FYI I have lots of dated and timed pictures from our time at the Mall and Capital...including proof that we arrived at the Capital TWO HOURS after the breach took place; The FBI of course has that information as well, since they invaded my iPhone);

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twenty-secondly, after about a two hour imprisonment by these hostile, armed men and women, 'i' was informed that the search and seizure was connected to the Capital "Riots" that took place in Washington, DC on January 6th;

twenty-thirdly, 'i' remember laughing out loud, commenting "You have to be kidding!";

twenty-fourthly, yes, we were there after our flight from Phoenix, Arizona the evening before the rally, we left the capital grounds at 4pm to catch our flights back to Alaska;

twenty-fifthly, the FBI interrogators then finally presented some pictures that 'i' had taken at the US Capital grounds which had been confiscated in breach of My privacy off of My Instagram account;

twenty-sixthly, they presented one picture of marilyn that 'i' had taken from about one hundred yards from the Capital walking up some steps, and another of me with someone wearing a flag over his shoulders;

twenty-seventhly, they then proceeded to show me a picture of someone they thought was marilyn inside the Capital; 'i' remember laughing aloud, and commenting that the woman in the photo was definitely NOT My wife, and that both of us were definitely NOT inside the Capital...NOT EVEN CLOSE!

twenty-eighthly, 'i' explained to them that we were up front in the "Elliptical" where President Trump was giving his speech, and that it took about two hours for us to finally get close to the capital...considering a million people were in front of us, AND we got lost on our way to the Capital, and we decided to have a couple of hot dogs from street vendors somewhere on the (Washington) Mall;

twenty-ninthly, an officer from the Capital Police who was part of the team interrogating me found that humorous, and 'i' remember joking around with her how wonderful the hot dogs really were;

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thirtyethly, from there, the interrogation was pretty much wrapped up, and 'i' continued to have casual conversations with the officers that were there, including a detective from the Anchorage Police that took part in the raid on our home;

thirty-firstly, FBI detectives continued to come and go from the living room, and 'i' could see various agents walking around on our personal grounds and decks, and around all of the business property as well;

thirty-secondly, we had two sets of guests that at some time decided to leave the Homer Inn and Spa because of all the FBI agents on the premises...to say the least, uncomfortable for them as they were unsure what was happening; one set was a family with very young children, all of whom were unnecessarily endangered;

thirty-thirdly, our best estimation was that there were around twelve agents in total; we require full discovery to know the number and name of all those on our land and in our home that morning;

thirty-fourthly, they closed up the interrogation by FINALLY giving us a copy of the search warrant, and an attached list of the items confiscated as "evidence"...several of marilyn's laptops, an iPhone from our spa business, and her personal and business iPhone;

thirty-fifthly, the most profound item they confiscated was a benign, unmarked, common hand copy of the US Declaration of Independence; My thought was, "What point are they trying to make by taking our copy of the Declaration?!; are they making criminals out of those of us who are Conservatives, and hold dear the founding documents of our country...treating us as far-right radicals for having a copy in our possession?!"; they even included the Declaration as "evidence", and wrote that into items of confiscated materials;

thirty-sixthly, the whole raid was overwhelming, defiling, and terrifying; but the comforting thought through the ordeal was that 'i' KNEW we were innocent of anything criminal; in fact, 'i' told one of the FBI agents that the worst "crime" 'i' had committed

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in the last ten years was a speeding ticket for going seven miles over the speed limit about six years ago;

thirty-seventhly, neither of us have any sort of criminal record and even our credit scores are very high, and we are active members of the Homer community;

thirty-eighthly, personally, 'i' am an ordained pastor and believe strongly in the Rule of Law; the FBI obviously did a poor job of analyzing our past history...and the obvious mistake of misidentifying marilyn as being in the Capital building is inexcusable;

thirty-ninthly, of note, a member of the Anchorage Police was part of the raid which is an ALASKAN state officer; he did not act on his own so we also require discovery as to which State of Alaska Anchorage Police officers were involved behind the scenes, giving orders;

'i' say here and shall verify in open court that all herein be true to the best of my knowledge and understanding and 'i' reserve all of My rights at all times especially My right to amend My testimony should new knowledge and understanding necessitate it;

'i' autograph this declaration to affirm the foregoing on this 7th day of the June month in the year of our Lord twenty twenty-one and of the Independence of the United States the two hundred forty-fifth;

By: Paul J. Hueper (15)


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autograph of Paul James Hueper

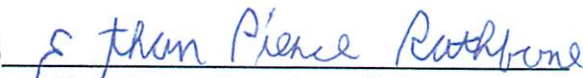
witness 1 Marilyn Ann Hueper

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witness 2 
All rights reserved at all times
autograph of Gregory Alexander Nance

witness 3 
All rights reserved at all times
autograph of E. Pierce Rathbone

'i' certify that on the 7th day of the June
month in the year of our Lord twenty-twentyone
'i' did serve all parties to this claim and the court
MH (initials)